

Cambria Freeman.

R. L. JOHNSTON, Editor.

HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKE FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE.

H. A. M'PIKE, Publisher

VOLUME 2.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1868.

NUMBER 8.

The Cambria Freeman

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
At Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa.
At the following rates, payable within three months from date of subscribing:
One copy, one year, \$2 00
One copy, six months, 1 00
One copy, three months, 60

Those who fail to pay their subscriptions until after the expiration of six months will be charged at the rate of \$2.50 per year, and those who fail to pay until after the expiration of twelve months will be charged at the rate of \$3.00 per year.

Twelve numbers constitute a quarter; twenty five, six months; and fifty numbers, one year.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
One square, 12 lines, one insertion, \$1 00
Each subsequent insertion, 25
Auditor's Notices, each, 2 00
Administrator's Notices, each, 2 50
Executors' Notices, each, 2 50
Stray Notices, each, 1 50

3 mos. 6 mos. 1 yr.
1 square, 12 lines, \$2 50 \$4 00 \$6 00
2 squares, 24 lines, 5 00 8 00 12 00
3 squares, 36 lines, 7 00 10 00 15 00
Quarter column, 9 50 14 00 20 00
Third column, 11 00 16 00 23 00
Half column, 14 00 25 00 35 00
One Column, 25 00 35 00 50 00

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Ordinary Notices, over six lines, ten cents per line.
Special and business Notices eight cents per line for first insertion, and four cents for each subsequent insertion.
Resolutions of Societies, or communications of a personal nature must be paid for as advertisements.

Job Printing.
We have made arrangements by which we can do or have done all kinds of plain and fancy Job Printing, such as Books, Pamphlets, Show Cards, Bill and Letter Heads, Handbills, Circulars, etc., in the best style of the art, and at the most moderate prices. Also, all kinds of Rolling, Blank Books, Book Binding, &c., executed to order as good as the best and as cheap as the cheapest.

Another New Wrinkle!
BOOTS AND SHOES
FOR ALL AGES AND BOTH SEXES.
In addition to his large stock of the best English, French and American Boots, Shoes, BUCKSINS, GAITERS, &c., for Ladies' and Children's Wear, the subscriber has just added to his assortment a full and complete inventory of Boots and Shoes for Men and Youths, which he will not only warrant to be superior to any goods of the kind now being offered in this market, but will also give every respect that the shop-keeper with which the country is flooded. Remember that I offer no article for sale which I do not guarantee to be regular custom made, of the best material and superior finish, and which I do not intend to compete in price with the dealers in auction goods. I know that I can furnish BOOTS, SHOES, &c., that will give more service for less money than any other dealer in this community, and I pledge myself to repair, free of charge, any article that may give way after a reasonable time and reasonable usage. Everybody is respectfully invited to call and examine my stock and learn my prices.

The subscriber is also prepared to manufacture to order any and all work in his line, of the very best material and workmanship, and at prices as reasonable as like work can be obtained anywhere. French Calf, Goat Iron Calf, Morocco and all other kinds of Leather constantly on hand.

JOHN D. THOMAS.
Ebensburg, Sept. 26, 1867.

SECURE THE SHADOW HERE
THE SUBSTANCE FADES.
PICTURES FOR THE MILLION.
Having located in Ebensburg, I would respectfully inform the public that I am prepared to execute PHOTOGRAPHS in every style of the art, from the smallest card picture to the largest sized for framing. Pictures taken in any kind of weather only. PHOTOGRAPHS PAINTED IN OIL, INDIA INK OR WATER COLORS.
Every attention given to the taking of Children's pictures, but in clear weather only. Special attention is invited to my stock of large PICTURE FRAMES and PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS, which I will sell cheaper than they can be bought elsewhere in town. Copying and Enlarging done on reasonable terms. I ask comparison and defy competition.

Thankful for past favors, I solicit a continuance of the same. Gallery on Julian street, two doors south of Town Hall.
T. T. SPENCE, Photographer.
Ebensburg, Nov. 14, 1867.

EBENSBURG MARBLE WORKS.
Having purchased the Marble Works on High street, one door east of T. W. Williams' Hardware Store, and supplied myself with an extensive stock of TOMBSTONES, I am now prepared to furnish all work in my line at the lowest city prices, and feel confident that I can render entire satisfaction to all who favor me with their orders. Parties desiring to purchase Tomstones are respectfully invited to call and examine specimens on exhibition at my shop. Orders from a distance will be promptly attended to, and work delivered where desired.
Jan. 30, 1868. OTTINGER REED.

ANY PERSON intending to build a House or Barn, can buy Nails and Hardware cheap by paying cash at
Feb. 28. GEO. HUNTLEY'S.

BAIGAINS can be had by buying your goods for cash at
Feb. 28. GEO. HUNTLEY'S.

APPEALS FROM THE ASSESSMENTS

for the year 1868 will be held at the Commissioner's Office, Ebensburg, as follows:
Monday, March 23d—Allegheny Township and Loretto Borough.
Tuesday, March 24th—Blacklick and Jackson Townships.
Wednesday, March 25th—Cambria and Millville Boroughs and Richland Township.
Thursday, March 26th—Carroll Township and Carrolltown Borough.
Friday, March 27th—Clearfield Township and Chest Springs and Prospect Boroughs.
Saturday, March 28th—Cambria Township and Ebensburg Borough.
Monday, March 30th—Susquehanna, Chest and White Townships.
Tuesday, March 31st—Conemaugh and Taylor Townships and Conemaugh Borough.
Wednesday, April 1st—Croyle and Summerhill Townships and Wilmore Borough.
Thursday, April 2nd—1st 2d 3d 4th and 5th Wards, Johnstown Borough.
Friday, April 3rd—Washington and Munster Townships and Summitville Borough.
Saturday, April 4th—Galitzin and Yoder Townships.

The Military Appeals for each district will be held at the same time and place as the Appeals from the Assessments are held.
Witness our hands at Ebensburg, this 21st day of February, A. D. 1868.
JOHN CAMPBELL, Com'r.
JOHN FERGUSON, Com'r.
J. A. KENNEDY, Com'r.
Attest—WM. H. SECHLER, Clerk.

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER,
THE LABORER AND CHEAPEST
DEMOCRATIC JOURNAL IN PENNSYLVANIA.
THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER, established in 1793, has always been known as a first-class Political and Family Newspaper. The WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER is now the largest Democratic Paper published in Pennsylvania. It has lately been greatly improved in all respects, and is just such a paper as every Democrat should have.

The publishers of the INTELLIGENCER regard it to be the duty of every Democrat to support his county papers in preference to any other; but as there are many who will be likely to subscribe for more than one paper during the pending Presidential Campaign, they have concluded to offer THE WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER at the following low rates:

Single Copies, One Year, \$2 00
Five " " " " " " 9 00
Ten " " " " " " 17 00
Twenty " " " " " " 32 00
Thirty " " " " " " 45 00
Fifty " " " " " " 65 00
Eighty " " " " " " 80 00
Daily Intelligence, \$5.00 per annum.
Persons wishing to sell Real Estate can find no better Advertising Medium than the Weekly Intelligence. Address
R. G. SMITH & CO., Lancaster, Pa.

TOWN AND COUNTRY PROPERTY FOR SALE.—The subscriber offers for sale his FARM, located at Allegheny township, Cambria county, about one mile east of Loretto. The farm contains 145 ACRES, 90 Acres of which are cleared, fenced and well cultivated—the balance being heavily timbered. There are erected on the premises a two story Dwelling House, comfortable and commodious, an excellent Bank Barn, and all necessary outbuildings. There is also a large orchard of choice Fruit Trees on the property.
The subscriber also offers a Dwelling House and two Lots of Ground located on Main street, in the borough of Loretto.
All the above properties will be sold on fair terms and indispensible titles will be given. Possession given on the 1st of April, 1868.
JEREMIAH M'GONIGLE.
Allegheny Tp., Feb. 20, 1868-69.

ASSIGNEE APPOINTED.—Dis-
trict of the Western District of Pennsylvania, in the matter of ARTHUR W. GREEN, Bankrupt. To whom it may concern: The undersigned hereby gives notice of his appointment as assignee of the estate of Arthur W. Green of Chest Springs, in the county of Cambria, in the said district, who was, with, on the 13th day of December, A. D. 1867, adjudged a bankrupt upon his own petition by the District Court of said District.
Dated at Ebensburg, this 24th day of February, A. D. 1868.
MARTIN L. LONGENECKER,
March 5, 1868-31. Assignee.

FARMERS ATTEND!—The undersigned offers for sale one of the most desirable Farms in Cambria county, situated in Summerhill township, within two miles of the Pa. R. R. at Wilmore, containing 200 ACRES, half of which is cleared, with a splendid apple orchard and a good LOG HOUSE and BARN on the premises. The property will be sold together, or in lots to suit purchasers. The terms, which are easy, will be made known by R. L. Johnston, Esq., Ebensburg; and an indispensible title made to the purchaser.
JEREMIAH M'GONIGLE.
Jan. 23, 1868-69.

J. B. WRIGHT, AGENT,
At Johnstown, Pa., for
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE.
Office with J. S. Strayer, Justice of the Peace, Market Street.
Companies Represented—Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York, \$25,000,000; Connecticut Mutual Life of Hartford, \$18,000,000; Home Fire Insurance Co. of New Haven, Conn., \$1,000,000; Putnam Fire Ins. Co. of Hartford, Conn., \$800,000. Feb. 20-24.

RICHARD ROWAN,
ALTOONA, PA.,
HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER,
Is prepared to make contracts for the painting of Churches, Dwellings and other Buildings in Cambria and surrounding counties, and for the execution of all other work in his line. Painting done at prices more moderate and in a style far superior to most of the work executed in this section. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Feb. 20-24.

IF YOU WANT the best Cooking or Parlor Stove made in the world, go to HUNTLEY'S and get Spear's Ash's Dish.

LATEST GHOST TALK.

The persuasion that the spirits of the departed occasionally revisit the scene of their earthly existence is too general to render necessary any excuse for an occasional return to the subject, whenever the occurrence of some incident of novel feature,—or the starting of new theories of explanation,—give promise of any profitable result. The object of this paper is not to advocate the doctrine that the revisiting is just alluded to are permitted, but to attempt to narrate two or three additions to Ghostly Literature.

Very few years have passed since the occurrence, in a busy thoroughfare of busy London, of an incident which it will be better to give in the words of the narrator.

"It was on a wild stormy night in the spring of 1857, that I was sitting before the fire at my lodgings in — street, with an open book on my knee. The fire had burned very low; and I had not replenished it; for the weather, stormy as it was, was warm, and one of the windows had remained, since dinner, partially unclosed.

"My sitting-room was on the third floor,—one of those queer old rooms that seem expressly adapted to the occupancy of spirits and bogies. The walls were paneled to a height of six feet from the floor, and the corners covered with fantastic mouldings. Heavy articles of furniture, including a mighty high-backed chair, disposed in different parts of the room, were lighted up occasionally by the flickering gaseous flame in the grate, which soon abandoned them to deeper and deeper darkness as its filament grew less.

"In the centre of the apartment there stood a large round table. Between this and the fire I sat, as I have mentioned, with a volume on my knee. It was upon the subject of the law of evidence, and in my train showed small tokens of frequent consultation. I had lately of dreamy consciousness, when my attention was attracted by a movement of the door of which, from my position, I commanded a view. I saw it, through my half-closed eyes, open slowly and noiselessly, and the next moment a female figure entered the room.

"It was not a very alarming apparition, being nothing more than an extremely pretty woman of about twenty-five, with light brown hair, gracefully arranged under a bonnet of the ordinary fashion of the day. Her features were perfectly strange to me. They were regular, and she would have been altogether a very attractive person but for the circumstances that her eyes had a strange unearthly expression—a look as of one who had gazed on things immortal—perhaps, to speak more familiarly, a look such as medical science has described as appearing in the eyes of criminals who have been, by some strange accident, torn from the jaws of death after the hangman had, to all appearance, faithfully performed his ghastly office. I myself have seen some similar expression in the faces of men who have endured awful peril, and have been, by some unforeseen circumstance, rescued from destruction when the real bitterness of death had passed.

"So much was I fascinated by that peculiar glance, that I sat, like one entranced, without power of movement, my heart alone reminding me, by its accelerated beat, that I lived, and was cognizant of what was presented to my eyes.

"My mysterious visitor advanced to the table, without taking the least notice of me, and removing her bonnet with the easy natural manner of one coming home from a walk, laid it on the table. She then took from her pocket a little book bound in crimson velvet, and, drawing a chair to the fire, seemed to become absorbed in its perusal. In sitting down, she turned her side to me; and a gleam from the dying fire suddenly revealed to me a ghastly gaping wound in the right temple, such as might have been caused by a fall against some sharp and hard substance.

"It was now that the conviction rushed upon me that my silent visitor was not of this world; yet I do not remember that I experienced any feeling akin to consternation. Curiosity and interest, at all events, were predominant; and I watched her every movement with almost breathless attention.

"After I know not what time—probably some ten minutes—passed in this manner, the girl seemed to become restless and uneasy. She glanced from her book to the door,—to the window,—to the mantelshelf (as though a clock stood there),—tried to resettle to her book, but, apparently failed; and, at length, laying it down, murmured to herself: 'What in the world can detain him? It is long past his time.'

"She remained, as it were, buried in thought for a few moments; then, with an audible sigh, resumed her reading. It did not answer, however. It was manifest that she could not control some anxious thought; and now, as if taking a sudden resolution, she replaced the volume in her pocket, rose, put on her bonnet, and moved towards the door. Suddenly she paused, turned, approached the window, and seemingly to raise it, gazed steadily out.

"The next moment she gave a violent start, and appeared to gasp for breath, her clasped hands and straining eyeballs indicating that some terrible object was presented to her view. Then, with one loud,

heart-broken cry, she threw her arms wildly above her head, and cast herself from the window!

"That cry seemed to arouse me from my trance-like condition. I was on my feet in a second, and rushed to the window. Had my senses deceived me? No doubt; for it was barely open—as I had left it. I flung up the sash, and leaned forth. In the street all was as usual. The stream of human life passed unintercepted on. A collected policeman glanced stolidly up at my opening window, and sauntered by. Two men were calmly smoking at a window-facing table. It was plain they had heard or seen nothing amiss. Much marveling, I returned to my chair and book; but he had been enough of the law of evidence found its way, that evening, into my disturbed brain.

"The next day I took an opportunity of speaking confidentially to my landlady. Had anything of an unusual nature been seen in that house before? The worthy woman hesitated. Why did I ask that? I told her all; and, moved by a sudden impulse, inquired if any calamity had occurred in those apartments which might, to some minds, account for the strange appearance I had witnessed.

"With a little pressing, the woman informed me that, just a year before, a tragical incident had occurred there. A young couple had occupied the rooms on the third floor. The lady was very pretty, with light brown hair, and was tenderly attached to her young mate, who was a clerk in some one of the large city offices.

"One day she returned from her walk as usual, and, fearing she was late, ran hastily up, half expecting to find her husband awaiting her. He had not arrived, however; and, having turned aside her bonnet, and set the room in order, she sat down beside the fire, and strove to forget her impatience in the perusal of a book which George had that day presented to her. Dinner-time came, and to no avail, but no George. Dreading she knew not what, the poor girl at last ran to the window, determined to keep watch until he arrived. For some time she had been noticed leaning motionless over the window-sill. But a new object attracted the attention of those who watched her. A stretcher was borne up the street, upon which lay a crushed, distorted corpse. It was the young husband. He had fallen from a steamer's deck, and been crushed and drowned between the boat and pier. As they halted at the door which he had quitted in health and mirth that morning, a piercing shriek alarmed the whole street. The young widow had flung herself from the window. Her head struck the curbstone. She was killed on the spot."

"A ghastly appearance, under similar conditions, was witnessed by the aunt of a lady now residing in London, who was at the time on a visit to Canada. She was about fifteen, healthy in body and in mind, and gifted with a remarkably clear intelligence. While sitting, in broad day, beneath a cherry-tree whose branches overhung a paling at right angles to her seat, she saw a young girl come tripping along the paling. In wondering how she was enabled to keep her footing, the lady noticed that her tiny feet were encased in high-heeled red morocco slippers. Her dress was of old fashion, consisting partly of the then obsolete "negligé" and a long blue scarf. Arrived beneath the tree, the visionary figure unwound the scarf, secured one end to an overhanging bough, made a loop at the other, and slipping it over her head, leaped from the paling! On witnessing this, the young seer fainted away.

"Subsequent inquiry proved that, at a period not less than sixty years before, a girl named Caroline Waldstein, daughter of a former proprietor of the estate, having been jilted by her lover, put an end to her life at the spot and in the manner depicted in the vision.

"Instances of the warning dream, involving minute particulars, possess a certain interest. Here is a recent example: The father of a friend of the writer, an old Peninsular officer—was residing, not long since, about twelve miles from London, in a direction where, strange to say, no railway passed sufficiently near to materially accelerate the journey to town. One morning the Colonel found, among the letters awaiting him on the breakfast table, an application from a friend of his who was engaged in some business of a fluctuating and speculative character, earnestly requesting the loan of a hundred pounds. The writer resided in Wimpole street, where the Colonel had often partaken of his friend's hospitality. Unwilling to refuse such an appeal, he instantly transmitted by post, a check for the required amount.

"On the succeeding night, his eldest daughter dreamed that the applicant had sustained a reverse of so crippling a nature, that insolvency was inevitable, and her father's money was consequently lost. So deep was the impression thus unexpectedly suggested to her mind, that the young lady left her bed, and, going straight to her mother's room, communicated her dream. Her sleepy parent merely remonstrated, and sent her away. But a second time came back the disturbing dream, and with an angry force that sent her a second time to her mother's bedside. Once more—but with soothing and gentleness—Miss Margaret was dismissed to her repose. However, about four in the morning the

dream recurred the third time, and now the young lady fairly got up, dressed herself, and appeared to her father, declaring that she would not attempt to sleep again, until the truth of what she now believed to be a warning should be investigated. The Colonel's interest and curiosity were aroused. He ordered his carriage at half past six, and, taking his daughter with him, started for Wimpole street.

"The travellers knew the habits of their friend. He never quitted his bedroom till nine o'clock, and when, a little before that hour, they were ushered into his breakfast-parlor, the morning's letters lay beside his plate. Among them, the Col. recognized his own, which, under the peculiar circumstances, and the pressing instance of his daughter, the gallant officer felt justified in abstracting, and placing in his pocket. Upon the appearance of the master of the house, the visitor explained, and with perfect truth, that he had come thus early to town purposely to express his very sincere regret that circumstances equally uncontrollable and unforeseen, rendered it impossible for him to comply with his request for a loan.

"How these excuses were received, history does not state. One thing, however, is beyond all question—the gentleman's name appeared in the next Gazette, and that owing to liabilities in regard to which the poor Colonel's loan would have been a drop in a well! Who will deny that here was a dream fairly worth a hundred pounds?

"It may be satisfactory to the lovers of unexplained marvels to learn that the number of houses wanting flesh-and-blood tenants, because they are supposed to be preoccupied by the beings of a different mould, by no means diminishes. There is a spot—a very pretty spot, too—and highly accessible to travelers, in which there is a very colony of such dwellings (to use the language of an inhabitant of the district, a "perfect nest of ghosts"), albeit its name, to satisfy editorial scruples, must be suppressed. It might also have been discovered, with commensurate ease, in the page of Bradshaw. A brief residence in that favored precinct would satisfy the most incredulous that there are mysteries that baffle his philosophy. There is another spot—let us hope that we are successfully working to windward of the law of defamation, in mentioning that it is not far from the city of Bath—which boasts of two handsome country-seats, each possessed of a traditionary ghost. The following, relating to one of these houses, which we shall designate Barton Hall, is perfectly true, and occurred but a short time since, on the occasion of the visit of two young ladies, sisters, from whom the narrative is derived. They had retired to the chamber occupied by both, and the elder sister was already in bed. The younger was kneeling before the fire. The door opened softly, and a woman, entering, crossed the apartment, and bent down before a chest of drawers, as if intending to open the lower one. Thinking it was one of the maids, the young lady who was in bed accosted her: "Is that you, Mary? What are you looking for there?"

"Her sister, who was beside the fire, had risen to her feet, and turned towards the woman. In the act, she uttered a loud shriek, and, staggering back, fell fainting on the bed. The other sprang up, and followed the intruder, who seemed to retreat quickly into an adjoining dressing room. The young lady entered. It was empty.

"Returning to her sister, the latter, who had recovered from her consternation, explained the cause of her outcry. The woman, in turning to meet her, displayed a human countenance, but devoid of eyes. The neighboring residence, Jervis House, is a bulging some two centuries old, and stands in rather extensive grounds, having, moreover, a large ornamental lake, in the center of which is a small island, without trees. A gentleman who was on a visit for the first time at Jervis House, a year or two ago, observed to his host at breakfast: "I see there is no bridge-communication with your island."

"None."

"I thought, too, you told me you had at present no boat on the lake?"

"Nor have I," replied his friend. "Why?"

"How then do ladies effect the passage?"

"The host hesitated. "Ladies!" he repeated. "Do you mean—?"

"I mean, my good friend, that I noticed a lady walking on the island, this morning, so early, that I wondered at her fancy. She passed entirely round, and crossed it twice, so that I could not possibly be mistaken."

"You have seen the Jervis ghost," said his friend, curiously. And the subject was dismissed.

"The following has been authenticated: Mr. L. L., one of the best and boldest members of the famous Midlandshire hunt, was killed by his horse falling with him at a leap. He left a widow and one daughter, a very lovely girl. Mr. L.'s estate, however, passed to a male heir—a distant cousin—and Mrs. L. and her daughter determined to take up their abode on the Continent.

After a short sojourn in Paris, they proceeded to Tours, traveling, from preference, by the posting-road, until one evening the picturesque aspect of a little hamlet, overlooked by a fine chateau, induced them

to halt there for the night. They were informed by the landlord of the rustic inn, that the gray-walled mansion to the south was the property of Monsieur Gaspard, a widower, who desired to dispose of it, and, meanwhile, resided about a league from the house. Next morning Mrs. L. and her daughter passed some hours exploring the venerable mansion, and romping in its noble but neglected gardens, until they arrived at the conclusion that nothing could possibly please them better. A proposal was forthwith addressed to the proprietor. No difficulties ensued, and the ladies were quickly installed in their new possession, as well as, it would seem, in the good graces of Monsieur Gaspard himself, for he put them frequently to visit, and, especially established himself on the footing of an intimate friend.

He was a man of more than ordinary talents, having, moreover, the art to turn them to advantage, and it was not very long before Monsieur Gaspard became the declared suitor of Ada L.

One peculiarity he possessed, which had attracted Mrs. L.'s notice; a liability to sudden fits of gloom and abstraction, against which he manifestly strove in vain. These, however, it is true, were not of frequent occurrence; and, with this single exception, all went merrily as that marriage bell, which, in about a fortnight, was to celebrate the union of that affianced pair. For Monsieur Gaspard was an ardent lover, and gave his mistress no peace until he had secured an early day. One night Ada, fatigued with a walk somewhat longer than common, withdrew early to her chamber, a lofty, spacious apartment, with furniture of oak and ebony, and having a large old wardrobe directly facing the bed. She was awakened by sounds like the rustling of a silk dress; and, to her amazement, saw a young lady, richly attired in the fashion of a past period, cross the room, and disappear, as it seemed, into the closed wardrobe.

"The vision had no difficulty in persuading herself that it was nothing more than a dream, or one of those impressions, so real in appearance, that frequently visit us on the confines of actual sleep. When, however, on the next night, a precisely similar incident recurred, and still more, when the third night presented the same vision, Miss L.'s alarm and dismay were fully aroused. On the last occasion she had taken her maid to sleep with her, and it was the loud scream of the latter that awakened her, in time to notice the retreating figure.

Cautioning the servant to be silent on the matter, Miss L. communicated the circumstance to her mother. Workmen were sent for to examine and remove the wardrobe, when, at the back, was found a small door. This, being forced open, revealed a narrow flight of stairs, which conducted the searchers to a little vault-like chamber. In one corner lay a heap of moth-eaten clothes, and other objects, which nearer scrutiny proved to be the remains of a human being, of which little more than the skeleton was left. A ring and a locket were also found, and these, at the police inquiry which succeeded, tended to the identification of the remains as those of a beautiful girl of the village, who, five years before, had as it was supposed, quitted her home with a young soldier who had been seen in the neighborhood.

Monsieur Gaspard was placed under surveillance; but even this cautious step sufficed. His conscience had long tormented him. He acknowledged that he had seduced and murdered the girl; but under what precise circumstances was never revealed, except to his confessor. He was found guilty, but not executed—passing the remainder of his miserable life in the condition, worse than death, of a prisoner in the galleys, without hope of pardon.

BOILS—A COMPOSITION.
A boil is generally very small at first and a fellow hardly notices it, but in a few days it gets to be the biggest of the two, and the chap that has it is of very little account compared with his boil, which then "has him." Boils appear mysteriously upon various portions of the human body, coming when and where "they darn please," and often in very inconvenient places. Sometimes a solitary boil is the sum total of the affliction, but frequently there is a "rebillion" lot of 'em" to help the first one. If a boil comes anywhere on a person, that person always wishes it had come somewhere else, although it would puzzle him to say just where. Some persons call them "Dam-boils," but such persons are addicted to profanity—the proper name is boil. If a chap has a boil he generally gets a good deal of sympathy—"in a horn." Who ever asks him what ails him laughs at him for his pains to answer, while many unfeeling persons make game of him, or of his misfortunes, or of his boil. It is very wicked to make sport of persons with boils; they cannot help it, and often feel very bad about it. Physicians don't give boil patients much satisfaction as a general thing, although young physicians who are just beginning to practice are fond of trying their wits upon them. Boils are said to be "healthy," and judging from the way they take hold and hang on, and ache and burn, and grow, and raise Cain generally, there is no doubt that they are healthy and have good constitutions. They

are generally very lively and playful at night, and it is very funny to see a chap with a good large one prospecting around his couch for a place where his boil will fit in "without hurting." Boils tend to "purify the blood," strengthen the system, calm the nerves, restrain profanity, tranquilize the spirits, improve the temper and beautify the appearance. They are good things for married men who spend their evenings away from home, as they give them an opportunity to rest their night keys and get acquainted with their families. It is said that boils save the patient "a fit of sickness," but if the sickness is not the best to have it must be an all-fired mean thing. It is also said that a person is better after he has had them, and there is no doubt that one does feel much better after he has got rid of them. Many distinguished persons have enjoyed these harbingers of health. Job took the first premium at the county fair for having more achers under cultivation than any other man. Shakespeare had them, and meant boils when he said, "One woe doth tread upon another's heel, so fast they follow." There are a great many remedies for boils, most of which are well worth trying, because, if they don't do any good, they don't hurt the body. If a chap goes down street with a boil, every man he meets will tell him of a good thing for it, among which are shoe-makers' wax, Mrs. Winslow's Syrup, Trux Spaulding's Glue, Charlotte Russe, Gum Drops, Water-Proof Blacking, Night Blooming Cereus, Chloroform, Kissengen, &c.

THE BILQUICK RAILROAD.
The Omaha Herald enlarges upon the superior attractions of this new railroad route, which, it says, has just been completed, and will be open to passenger traffic as soon as a proper agent can be found to sell the tickets. It announces: "Through tickets daily for eternity, and all stations beyond the grave, commencing closely with ferries at the river Styx, for all points on the other side of Jordan. Passengers should take no other route. The cheapest and shortest way to the Tomb. It is with a great deal of pleasure that the officers of this road announce its completion.

This road has been carefully built by experienced workmen, who have graduated at the best slaughter-houses in the land. The scenery along the line is remarkably fine, consisting principally of yawning chasms, charming precipices, and shaky trestles. The rails are laid very loose, and without extra spikes, which, when the cars are going at full speed, keeps the passenger in delightful motion, settles his dinner, and sometimes his "hash," most effectually.

The coaches are all of wood, which, in case of accident, always splinter, and thus give passengers holding insurance tickets a chance to make a little money, with an occasional prize, in case of death. The seats are constructed on an entirely new plan, being made in the shape of a coffin, so that the holder of a ticket, in case of accident, can be immediately boxed up and sent home.

The stoves are of a new and unique pattern, and known as the Railway Cooking Stoves. It is calculated that with a good fire, a first-class passenger can be thoroughly cooked in ten or fifteen minutes, although much more speed can be attained if necessary.

The attention of the traveling public is directed to the new and unique style of tombstones, furnished by this company to those purchasing through tickets. A large corps of undertakers at each station, and elegant hearse cars accompany each train.

The sleeping cars upon this road are got up regardless of expense, and passengers can sleep without fear of being awakened by the noise of their conductors.

In fact most of our passengers never wake up after once getting to sleep. Wives having cross husbands, have them purchase tickets on this route; they will never soild again.

The Government is about to do away with capital punishment, criminals being furnished with tickets over this line. Death is certain, and the system of hanging is thus avoided.

Revolvers, poison and butcher knives on each train for the amusement and use of patrons when they are tired of riding. No repairs are allowed on coaches; the wheels, axles, and boilers being used till they break or burst. Coroners on each train.

Collisions inevitable and explosions sure. Persons wishing to reach the mansions in the skies, ask for tickets via this line. Life insurance tickets furnished gratis to those desiring the same.

SNOW SONG.—Air: "We Gather Shells."—One winter day, with careful foot, I wandered o'er the slippery way. The snow in balls beneath my boot, Made it a task upright to stay. And so I waddled in my walk, and jostled every one I met; So that some, in familiar talk, Remarked, "He's very tight, you bet!" [Repeat.]

I stooped and stood upon one leg, With cane to clear my hampered tread; But as I stooped a boy did "peg" another snow ball at my head. And thus I said, as down my neck I felt the melted snow ball run, We gather shells, and little rock Where'er they go or whence they come, [Repeat.]